

"DEATH'S DUEL ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN!"

CDC  
Gabby Hayes

STARRING

# GABBY HAYES

No. 51

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION





# 'COCHISE'

## APACHE CHIEF

COCHISE, CHIRICAHUA APACHE CHIEF LIVED IN THE CANYONS OF THE DRAGON MOUNTAINS OF ARIZONA. UNLIKE MOST APACHES, COCHISE'S TRIBE WAS PEACEFUL UNTIL 1860 WHEN THEY WERE WRONGFULLY ACCUSED OF A RANCH RAID. WHEN COCHISE DENIED THE ACCUSATION, A RASH CAVALRY OFFICER TOLD HIM HE WAS A LIAR. THIS SO INCENSED COCHISE THAT HE IMMEDIATELY DECLARED WAR ON THE WHITE MEN.

FOR TWELVE YEARS, COCHISE ENGAGED IN VICIOUS WARFARE, LOOTING AND RAIDING STAGECOACHES, WAGON TRAINS, FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS AND RANCHES. AFTER EACH FORAY, COCHISE AND HIS WARRIORS WOULD RETREAT TO THEIR STRONGHOLD FROM WHICH THEY WERE NEVER DRIVEN.



Continued on inside of back cover-

**GABBY** *in*  
**HAYES**

# DEATH DUEL ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

*Gabby  
Hayes*

CAN'T MOVE...  
(GASP)... MY  
LEG'S PLUMB  
USELESS....

... AN' MY SIX-SHOOTERS'RE  
BURIED UNDER THET PILE OF  
BOULDERS...! I'LL BE A RING-  
TAILED SPAVINED LUCKY  
COYOTE IF I EVER GIT OUT OF  
THIS SPOT ALIVE!!



HOWDY, FOLKS, TIME FOR TALL TALES--  
SO IT LOOKS LIKE YUH'LL HAVE TO WAIT A  
SPELL BEFORE YUH FIND OUT IF THET MOUNTAIN  
LION EVER DID GIT A CHAW OF OL' GABBY!  
THIS TIME THUH TALL TALES ARE ALL  
ABOUT HORSES!

KNEW A MAN ONCE, NAME OF CYRUS STONE.  
WAL...CYRUS HAD A MOUNT THET WAS THUH  
MOST EDDICATED CRITTER YUH'D EVER WANT  
TO MEET. 'BEEN TO SIX COLLEGES, AN' ATE  
LATIN GRAMMARS 'STEAD OF HAY...



# GABBY HAYES

ALL THIS BOOK-LARNIN' CAME IN HANDY THUH DAY CYRUS TANGLED WITH BAD LUKE LEER...



LUKE WAS SOMEAN HE USED TO USE SCYTHES FER SPURS, AN' CHEWED RATTLESNAKE MEAT 'STEAD OF 'BACCY...



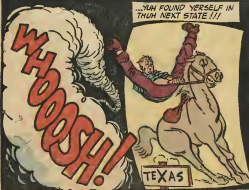
TRUBLE WAS LUKE'D USED AIN'T AN' A DOUBLE NEGATIVE ALL CRAMMED INTO ONE SENTENCE. CYRUS EDUCATED HORSE GOT SO RILED UP AT ALL THET BAD GRAMMER, HE KICKED BACK BOTH HIND HOOVES... AN' SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE!!!



THEN THAR WAS THUH HORSE SO FAST THET YUH NO SOONER SPRUNG UP INTO THUH SADDLE, WHEN...



...YUH FOUND YERSELF IN THUH NEXT STATE !!!



'PRETTY SORRY STATE OF AFFAIRS. 'JIST SO HAPPENED THUH HORSE'S OWNED HAD A SHALL 20 ACRE RANCH, AN' WITH THET HORSE UNDER HIM, HE HAD NO WAY OF GETTIN' HIS WORK DONE...

EITHER YOU MEET THUH MORTGAGE NEXT FRIDAY OR WE'LL HAVE TO FORECLOSE ON YUH!



# GABBY HAYES

SOLVED IT, THOUGH, HE DID...JUST IN TIME TOO!

HE BROKE HIS RANCH UP INTO 10 PARCELS, TWO ACRES EACH, EACH PARCEL IN A DIFFERENT STATE! GOT ALONG FINE AFTER THAT!

WHY, IT'S AS EASY AS FALLIN' OFF A PRECIPICE DURIN' AN' EARTHQUAKE! HOW COME I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE?



THEN THAR WAS THUH TIME I WAS FLOUNDERIN' THROUGH A SWAMP, AN' SAW THIS SOMBRERO LYIN' CROWN UP IN THUH QUICKSAND...



YUH'RE IN TROUBLE! GRAB THIS ROPE BETWEEN YOKE TEETH, AN' I'LL PULL YOU OUT

NO THANKS, STRANGER! AN' YUH'RE WRONG... I'M NOT IN TROUBLE! 'CAUSE...



I GOT A GOOD HORSE UNDER ME!

KIN YUH GUESS WHY THOSE THREE TALL TALES WERE ALL ABOUT HORSES. YUH...YUH WERE RIGHT THUH FIRST TIME! 'CAUSE THUH TRUE-TO-LIFE YARN I'M GONETA TELL YUH NOW... **DEATH DUEL ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN**...NOT ONLY HAS IN IT A FEROCIOUS MOUNTAIN LION, BUT IT'S ALSO GONETA INTERDUCE TO YUH THUH GREATEST HORSE OF 'EM ALL!!



IT STARTED WITH ME BEIN' SNAPPED OUT OF THUH SLEEP BY THUH CRACKIN' OF GUNFIRE...

TARNATION! SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE OVER ON THUH STAGE TRAIL!



# GABBY HAYES

**IT SHORE WAS TROUBLE!**

FILE OUT, EVERYBODY... AN' DON'T TRY DRAWING ON ME 'CAUSE MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHING FOR ACTION!

BETTER DO LIKE HE SAYS... HE KILLED TWO MEN AT OLD BONE JUNCTION JUST LAST WEEK!

**BUT JUD BAKER, THUH LOCAL SHERIFF'D BEEN LYIN' FER THIS OWLHOOT, AN' HE'D BEEN TRAILIN' THUH STAGE...**

GOT YUH COVERED, MAXWELL. NOW THROW THOSE SIX-SHOOTERS DOWN SO THY SPANK THE DUST, OR YUH'LL NEVER LIVE TO STAND TRIAL.

GUESS I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!

THERE'S ONE DOWN... BUT HERE'S THUH OTHER!

AAAREGH!

AIEEE!

STAY BACK FROM HIM... HE SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER N TO DRAW ON ROD MAXWELL, THUH FASTEST, TRUEST SHOOTER IN THUH WHOLE TERRITORY! **STAND BACK, I SAID!** LET HIM BLEED! HE'S THUH LAW... HE CAME AFTER ME... AND NOW HES GONNA DIE!

**BUT BY THIS TIME I'D REACHED THUH TRAIL AN' I HAD MY SIGHTS ON BOTH THUH SIDEWINDER'S GUN HANDS...**

YUH LOWDOWN THIEF, MAXWELL! THIS'LL TEACH YUH...

OWH!

STOP MAXWELL, SOMEBODY!

IT'S GABBY HAYES!

YUH AINT SEEN THUH LAST OF ME, HAYES! NEXT TIME WE MEET, ONLY ONE OF US IS GONNA WALK AWAY...!

# GABBY HAYES



HOW YUH FEELING, JUD?

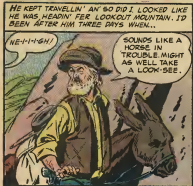
I'M... (GASP)... A GONER, GABBY. AN AINT NOBODY LEFT IN THUH TERRITORY NOW KIN STOP MAXWELL. THET SIDEWINDER SHOOT'S TOO TURNED GOOD. HIS HIDE-OUT'S ON... (GASP)... LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN... AN AINT NOBODY... AAAGH!

WAS THE SHERIFF A FRIEND OF YOURS, MAXWELL?

ALL LAW-MEN ARE FRIENDS OF MINE, MA'AM. AN' ALL SIDEWINDERS ARE MY MORTAL ENEMIES... TRUE AS I'M STANDIN' HERE, I'M GONETO TRACK THET MURDERIN' MAXWELL DOWN! I WISH YUH COULD HEAR ME, JUD... I SAID... I'M GONETA TRACK HIM DOWN!



SO I TOOK THUH MOUNTAIN TRAIL AFTER MAXWELL...  
GROUND'S STILL SOFT FROM THUH LAST RAIN. MAXWELL'S PRINTS ARE PLAIN AS BLOODSTAINS...



NE-EE-IGH!

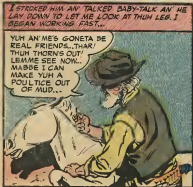
SOUNDS LIKE A HORSE IN TROUBLE. MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK-SEE.

HE WAS A CORKER— THUH BEAUTIFULLEST HUNK OF WILD HORSEFLESH I'D EVER LAID EYES ON. HE WAS HOBBLIN' ALONG SUMPTHIN' PITIFUL, BUT HE REARED UP WHEN HE SAW ME...



LOOKS LIKE YUH'VE GOT YORESELF A BAD LEG.

EASY THAR, EASY... NOBODY'S GONETA HURT YUH!



I STROKED HIM AN' TALKED BABY-TALK AN' HE LAY DOWN TO LET ME LOOK AT THUH LEG. I BEGAN WORKING FAST...

YUH AN' ME'S GONETA BE REAL FRIENDS... THAR! THUH THORN'S OUT! LEAVE SEE NOW... MABBE I CAN MAKE YUH A POULTICE OUT OF MUD...



BUT I'D NO SOONER BANDAGED HIM, WHEN...

I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! OF ALL THUH UNGRATEFUL...! GUESS I WAS A FOOL TO EXPECT MORE. AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY A DUMB CRITTER!

# GABBY HAYES

A WEEK LATER, I WAS STILL ON MAXWELL'S TRAIL. HE WAS HEADIN' FER HIS HIDEOUT, ALL RIGHT. THIS WAS LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN I WAS CLIMBIN'...

THAT'S THUH OLE CORGER. HE'S BEEN BREATHIN' DOWN MY NECK LONG ENOUGH! NOW I'M GONNA LET HIM BREATHE SOME GUNSMOKE!!



THAT'S RIGHT... I KNOW THIS MOUNTAIN BETTER'N I KNOW THUH BACK OF MY HAND! LEFT MY TRACKS ALONG THUH TRAIL CLEAR ENOUGH FER A BABY TO FOLLOW. THEN CAME BACK ALONG THUH ROCKS...! I'LL TAKE THOSE GUNS! AN' NOW YUH'RE GONNA HAVE THUH HONOR OF BEING DRILLED BY THUH BEST SHOT IN THUH TERRITORY!



YUH FIGGER ON THROWIN' UP THUH COIN...AN' WHILE I'M SHOOTIN' AT IT... YUH'LL RUSH ME!

THAT'S A GOOD AN EXCUSE AS ANY, MAXWELL! YUH'RE SKEERED TO TRY YORE AIM AT ANY - THIN' BUT A STANDIN'-STILL TARGET!



I'LL SHOW YUH! BUT GIT ALL THUH WAY BACK...SO THAR'LL BE NO CHANCE OF YUH RUSHIN' ME! HERES A COIN! AN' RIGHT AFTER I NICK IT BETTERN ANYBODY YUH EVER SAW, I'M GONNA TURN THESE SIX-SHOOTERS ON YUH!



GIT'EM UP, HAYES!

IF I AINT A LOPEARED IDJIT... YUH SIDE-TRAILED ME!



I BETTER DO SUMTHIN' FAST. IF NOT, I'LL BE COLD-STONE DEAD IN LESS THAN A MINUTE!

BET I'VE SEEN FINER SHOOTIN' THAN YOU CAN DO, MAXWELL! MAN BACK IN TAOS... YUH THROW A COIN UP INTO THUH AIR... HE NICKS IT THREE TIMES BEFORE IT LANPS.



THAR SHE GOES!

NOW WATCH THIS SHOOTIN'!





# GABBY HAYES

THUH CON SPUN HIGH  
INTO THUH AIR.

MAXWELL BEGAN  
SQUEEZIN TRIGGER.  
ONCE...



TWICE...



BUT BEFORE HE COULD  
SHOOT AGAIN...



JUST LIKE I'D FIGGERED! THAR WAS A LOT OF  
LOOSE BOULDERS BEHIND WHAR HE'D BEEN  
STANDIN'... AN' THUH SOUND OF SHOOTIN'  
JARRED THEM LOOSE...



AN' THET WAS THE END OF MURDERIN'  
MAXWELL!

BUT THEN SUMPTIN' HAPPENED THAT I HADN'T  
FIGGERED ON! A BOULDER BOUNCED CLEAR  
DOWN TO WHAR I WAS STANDIN'...



MY BURROD RUN OFF... I LAID THAR FOR A  
LONG TIME, TRYIN' TO GATHER UP STRENGTH TO  
DRAG MYSELF DOWN THUH TRAIL. MY SIX-  
SHOOTERS WERE BURIED UNDER THUH SAME  
BOULDERS THAT'D CRUSHED MAXWELL...



THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...



# GABBY HAYES



CANT GIT UP...  
MY LEG KEEPS  
BUCKLIN'!



THIS IS AS FAR AS I KIN  
GO! HES ABOUT READY  
TO SPRING... LOOKS  
LIKE I LL BE SEEN' YUH  
AGAIN SOON, MAXWELL!

BUT JUST THEN, I HEARD A  
STOMPIN' AN' A CLATTERIN'  
COMIN' UP THUH TRAIL...



WHAT'S  
THAT?

IT WAS THUH WILD HORSE WHOSE LEG I'D  
FIXED. HED BEEN TRAILIN' ME... AN' NOW  
THET I WAS IN TROUBLE, HE WAS FIXIN' TO  
RETURN THUH FAVOR!



NE-EEIGH!

GR-RRR!

THEN BEGAN THUH DEATH DUEL ON LOOK-  
OUT MOUNTAIN... WILD HORSE AGAINST  
MOUNTAIN LION... JAGGED CLAWS AGAINST  
SLASHIN' HOVES...



I DONT KNOW HOW LONG IT LASTED, BUT WHEN  
IT WAS OVER... THAT MOUNTAIN LION COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN ANY Bigger!



YO'RE A REAL CORKER, BOY.  
AS GOOD A FRIEND AS ANY MAN  
COULD WANT.

AN' THIS TIME HE DIDNT RUN AWAY!



WERE GONETA  
BE PARTNERS  
FROM NOW  
ON...

KIN YUH GUESS WHAT I NAMED HIM? YUR, YUH  
GOT IT RIGHT THUH FIRST TIME... CORKER!  
AN' CORKER AN' MEVE BEEN TOGETHER  
EVER SINCE...

the end

# GABBY HAYES

GABBY is busy as a beaver--and just as likely to lose his hide--in his efforts to help little Tippy Ryan get

## The PALOMINO COLT!

SHHHH-H-H!



JEFF PARKER, AN ENGLISH ARTIST, HAS RECENTLY BOUGHT A SMALL RANCH IN RAWHIDE COUNTY...

3500'S SHORE IS A PRETTY PALOMINO COLT, GABBY! THINK MR. PARKER MIGHT SELL HIM FOR FIVE DOLLARS? THAT'S ALL I GOT.

THAT COLT'S WORTH FIVE HUNDRED! BUT THEN ARTIST FELLERS IS PECCOLYAR!... CAN'T TELL WHAT THEY MIGHT DO, TIPPY!



PARKER WANTS YUH TO POSE FOR A PITCHER, DON'T HE? BITON HIS GOOD SIDE 'N' HE MAY GIVE YUH A BARGAIN! IN FACT, I'LL HELP YUH!

HOW, GABBY?



# GABBY HAYES



I KNOW LOTS 'BOUT  
DRAWING PITCHERS. I'LL  
GIVE PARKER SOME  
POINTERS! THAT'LL WIN  
US HIS GRATITUDE!



BUT WHEN THE ARTIST STARTS THE  
PORTRAIT, HE IS ANNOYED BY  
GABBY'S COMMENTS....

NOPE! THE  
HEAD'S LOPSIDED.  
PUT A LITTLE MORE  
ON THE RIGHT  
CHEEK!

CONFOUND  
THE OLD  
WINDBAG!



DAB MORE BLUE IN  
THE EYES. NEEDS MORE  
PINK IN THE CHEEKS, TOO.  
YUH MAKE HIM LOOK  
PLUMB UNHEALTHY!

1-2-3-4 --  
MUST  
CONTROL  
MYSELF!  
BEEN TOO  
JUMPY  
LATELY!  
--5-6-7--



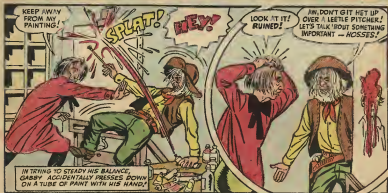
A FEW DAYS LATER...

AH! THE PORTRAIT  
IS SHAPING UP  
NOW!

YEP...BUT  
IT DON'T LOOK  
EGGSACTLY LIKE  
TIPPY! LEMME SHOW  
YUH HOW TO GIT THE  
RIGHT EXPRESSION!

SEE? JUST A FEW STROKES..  
**OOPS!** HAND SLIPPED  
A MITE!

BLAST IT ALL!  
YOU SNEARED  
IT!



KEEP AWAY  
FROM MY  
PAINTING!

**SPLAT!**

**HEY!**

LOOK AT IT!  
RUINED!

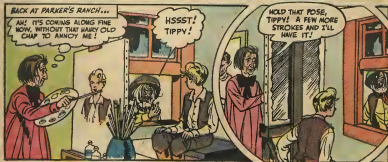
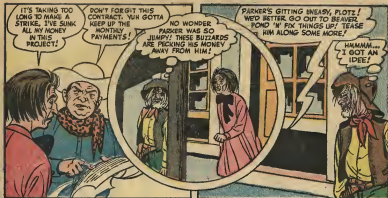
AW, DON'T GIT HET UP  
OVER A LITTLE PITCHER!  
LET'S TALK 'BOUT SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT -- HOSSES!

IN TRYING TO STEADY HIS BALANCE,  
GABBY ACCIDENTALLY PASSES DOWN  
ON A TUBE OF PAINT WITH HIS HAND!

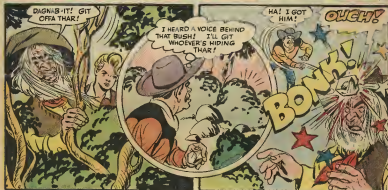
# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

GABBY SWINGS  
AND MISSES!

TAKE THIS!

DON'T LET ME GET  
IN YOUR WAY!

LET ME  
GO!

**SPLASH!**

I'LL PLUG HIM AS  
SOON AS HE COMES  
OUT OF THE  
WATER!

LOOKS LIKE HE  
AIN'T COMING  
UP!

GABBY DOES COME UP--  
INSIDE A BEAVER MOUND!

GLUB! GLUB! WHERE  
ARE THE COYOTES?  
LEMME AT 'EM!

CONSNRN IT!  
HOW DID I GET IN  
THIS HYAR BEAVER MOUND?  
OUTTA NUH WAY, LITTLE  
PELLERS! I'M FIGHTING  
MAD!

CONSNRN  
IT! THESE WALLS  
IS THICK! I CAN'T GET  
OUT OF THIS BEAVER  
MOUND!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, JEFF PARKER HAS BEEN  
A WITNESS TO PART OF THE SCENE!

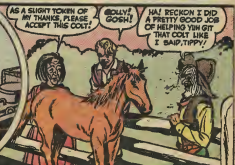
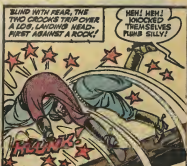
WE GOTTA PLUG THIS  
KID, TOO! HE SEEN  
US SALTIN' THE  
LAND!

NOW I KNOW YOUR GAME,  
YOU CROOKS! THANK  
GOODNESS, I CAME  
OUT HERE.

**SCRATCH!**

**SCRATCH!**





# JACK SLADE

*Jack Slade* of the Overland



**J**OSEPH A. (JACK) SLADE CAME FROM CARLYLE, ILLINOIS OF A GOOD FAMILY. IT IS SAID THAT AT THE AGE OF 13 HE KILLED A MAN WITH A ROCK FOR TRYING TO INTERFERE IN SOME SMALL ALTERCATION BETWEEN TOWN BOYS. SLADE'S FATHER SPIRITED HIM TO TEXAS WHERE HE GREW UP AND MARRIED. HE ENLISTED IN THE MEXICAN WAR AND ON HIS RETURN ENGAGED IN FREIGHTING OVER THE PLAINS. HE GOT A JOB AS WAGONMASTER OUT OF ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI ON A CARAVAN BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA. DURING THIS TRIP, SLADE GOT INTO A DISPUTE WITH ONE OF THE DRIVERS - BOTH DREW GUNS BUT THE WAGON DRIVER DREW FIRST. SLADE LAUGHED AND REMARKED IT WAS A SHAME TO SPILL BLOOD OVER SUCH A SMALL MATTER AND SUGGESTED THAT THEY SETTLE MATTERS WITH THEIR FISTS. THE WITLESS DRIVER AGREED AND THREW HIS PISTOL ON THE GROUND - AND SLADE SHOT HIM DEAD. NOT MUCH MORE IS KNOWN OF SLADE UNTIL HE RE-PLACED JULES REMI AS DIVISION AGENT AT JULESBURG FOR RUSSELL MAJORS AND WADDELL WHICH RAN THE OVERLAND STAGES, FREIGHT AND THE PONY EXPRESS.



**R**EMI RESENTED BEING REPLACED BY SLADE AS AGENT, AND WHEN SLADE APPROPRIATED SOME HORSES WHICH REMI WAS DRIVING AS COMPANY PROPERTY, REMI AMBUSHED SLADE WITH A SHOTGUN FROM THE BACKROOM OF A STORE. REMI MUST HAVE BEEN SPARKING IN LOADING HIS BARRELS WITH BUCKSHOT, FOR SLADE (AFTER A TRIP TO ST. LOUIS FOR REMOVAL OF THE LEAD) GOT WELL.



**W**HEN REMI HEARD OF SLADE'S RECOVERY (FOR HE, REMI, HAD BEEN IN HIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS) HE SENT WORD HE WOULD SHOOT SLADE ON SIGHT! SLADE BEAT HIM TO THE GAME, FOR REMI WAS BROUGHT IN BY SLADE'S MEN AND THE BOSS OF THE OVERLAND HAD REMI TIED TO A SNUBBING POST IN THE COMPANY CORRAL. SLADE SPENT THE MORNING TARGET PRACTICING ON REMI, NIPPING HIM HERE AND THERE UNTIL HE GREW TIRED OF IT, THEN WITH A CHARACTERISTIC CURSE SLADE PUT REMI OUT OF HIS MISERY WITH A SHOT IN THE HEAD. HE CUT OFF REMI'S EARS AND CARRIED THEM IN HIS VEST POCKET.

# GABBY HAYES



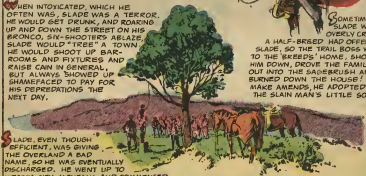
THE BUSINESS OF THE OVERLAND EXPRESS COMPANY PROSPERED UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF SLADE. OUTLAWS FEARED HIM, AND HORSE-STEALING ALONG THE RELAY STATIONS WAS LESS FREQUENT. THE PONY EXPRESS MAIL WENT THROUGH ON TIME AND THE COACHES WENT UNMOLESTED.



WHEN INTOXICATED, WHICH HE OFTEN WAS, SLADE WAS A TERROR. HE WOULD GET DRUNK, AND ROARING UP AND DOWN THE STREET ON HIS BRONCO, SIX-SHOOTERS ABLAZE, SLADE WOULD "TREE" A TOWN. HE WOULD SHOOT UP BAR-ROOMS AND FIXTURES AND RAISE CAIN IN GENERAL, BUT ALWAYS SHOWED UP SHAMEFACED TO PAY FOR HIS DEPREDEATIONS THE NEXT DAY.

SOMETIMES SLADE WAS OVERLY CRUEL. A HALF-BREED HAD OFFENDED SLADE, SO THE TRAIL BOSS WENT TO THE 'BREED'S' HOME, SHOT HIM DOWN, DROVE THE FAMILY OUT INTO THE SAGEBRUSH AND BURNED DOWN THE HOUSE! TO MAKE AMENDS, HE ADOPTED THE SLAIN MAN'S LITTLE SON.

SLADE, EVEN THOUGH EFFICIENT, WAS GIVING THE OVERLAND A BAD NAME, SO HE WAS EVENTUALLY DISCHARGED. HE WENT UP TO VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA AND COMMENCED HIS USUAL "Cussedness"; BUT THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEES WOULD STAND FOR NO MORE OF THIS FOOLISHNESS AND SLADE WAS DULY WARNED. HE OVERSTEPS THE BOUNDS WHEN HE TORE UP A WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST AND THREATENED TO SHOOT THE JUDGE. THE COMMITTEE TOOK HIM OUT TO A CONVENIENT TREE AND WHEN THE ROPE WENT TIGHT, VIRGINIA CITY AND ALDER GULCH HEAVED A SIGH OF SHEER RELIEF.



# GABBY HAYES



## and THE STALKING TERROR!

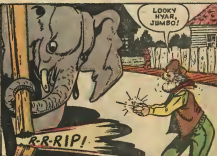
THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE NEVER KNOWS WHAT GABBY IS GOING TO STALK INTO NEXT! BUT WHEN JUMBO ENTERS GABBY'S LIFE, THE COMBINATION IS A **STALKING TERROR** THAT SHAKES THE FOLKS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR BOOTS!



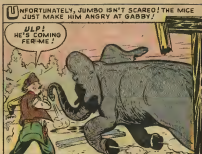
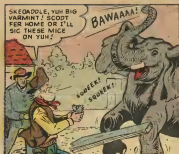
A FOUR-LEGGED TORNADO CALLED JUMBO RIPS THROUGH A CIRCUS WHICH IS VISITING RAWHIDE.....



# GABBY HAYES



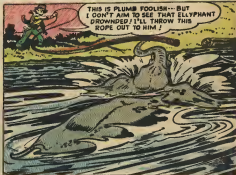
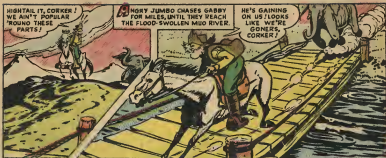
# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

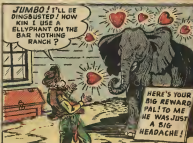
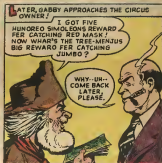




# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

# CATTLE STAMPEDE

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



**T**HE LONGHORNS had been on the trail for two weeks, and they were tired and skitterish!

Young mavericks kept bawling for their mothers, lost somewhere in the herd. Ornerly steers cut loose, trying to get away from the others. Out-riding cowboys had to gallop out to head them back. Constantly, there was the lowing of the cattle, the shrill yell of the cowhands, and above all, a great haze of prairie dust clouded the skies.

It was a typical cattle drive to the railroad . . . typical except in one respect!

"Honest to glory, I'm worried, Buck," said Vance Baker, owner of the Lazy B. "The way it looks, someone's trying to keep us from getting to the railroad on time. And I don't have a blamed notion who it could be!"

Buck Desmond, rambling cowhand, rode easily by the side of the ranch owner.

"You think someone's trying to keep us from market," Buck asked. "How come? I know we've had a couple of stampedes, but I reckoned that would be natural."

The cattlemán nodded.

"It would be, if the weatber was bad, or if there were coyotes and wolves around," he said. "But our stock has been jittery for the past week, and on three nights they've scattered without any reason that I could see. We've wasted a lot of time rounding them up!"

Buck tilted his gray Stetson down over his eyes.

"But still," he said, "we don't know for sure that someone's been riling them up, secret-like."

"Not for sure," Vance Baker agreed. "But how about that rock-slide when we were going through Mesa Pass yesterday? Two of the boys got hurt, and it took us three hours to round up the strays that took off! If we're going to reach the railroad at Chisholm by tomorrow night, we can't afford any more delays!"

He frowned and his jaw set tightly. Then he turned toward Buck.

"Desmond," he said, "you've got the reputation of being easy-going, but able to use a shooting iron when you have to. I want you to help me out."

Swiftly, Baker outlined his plan. He wanted Buck to ride in front of the herd and to scout the country ahead.

**I**T WAS DUSK when Buck Desmond cantered out on his fast bay.

He rode for a couple of miles over flat prairie, then up the winding cattle trail into the hills. At one point, in a narrow canyon, he paused and surveyed his surroundings. He rubbed his lean jaw.

"This would be a good spot for an ambush," he mused, "if someone is trying to hold up Baker's herd."

Spurs flicking the bay's side, he rode ahead for perhaps another two miles, through sagebrush and past starkly outlined cactus. Then, suddenly, he reined in his mount.

"Up yonder," he strained his eyes, "looks like a campfire on the mountain slope. But who'd be camping there now?" Slowly and carefully, he rode forward. When he had come as close as he dared, Buck dismounted and picketed the bay to a tree.

Carefully and quietly, Buck slipped through the underbrush toward the campfire.

**W**HEN HE HAD come within twenty yards of it, he lifted his head a few inches. There were several men sitting around the fire. Buck tensed to catch their words. A short, broad man with a growth of red beard was speaking.

"... boys, Clement is paying us plenty to make sure Baker's herd doesn't reach the railroad on time, and we haven't made sure yet!"

"Not yet we haven't, Red," a bigger man

# GABBY HAYES

agreed. "But just wait till tomorrow morning. When Vance Baker and his boys haze them through that tight canyon down below, and we go at them, guns blazing, they'll stampede out of there like they're shot out of a cannon."

The man named Red nodded.

"Which means that Baker's stock won't git to Chisholm on time, and the train will go off half empty. Clement's beef will fetch plenty more on the market. Not bad."

Buck Desmond cautiously wriggled away through the brush. He had heard all he wanted to know.

WHEN THE RAMBLING cowboy reached his bay, he galloped at top speed back to the Lazy B herd. He found Vance Baker on guard. When he explained what he had found and heard, the ranchman clenched his fist.

"So that's the story!" he muttered. "Jim Clement is a rancher from Vegas way. He's known as a bad 'un! I guess he figured that if my stock didn't reach the train on time, his would be worth a lot more to him! Well, let's get the boys together, ride up there and clean him up."

"That wouldn't get your cattle there any faster," Buck said. "Let's do this. Let's keep going, as if we didn't know what was happening! But during the night . . ."

THE NEXT MORNING, the Lazy B herd moved slowly across the plains, following the trail that Buck Desmond had taken the night before. Soon, they entered the canyon he had noticed—the narrow passageway where the ambush had been planned. Buck and Vance Baker and the other riders rode slowly behind the herd.

Suddenly, there were shots from the other end of the canyon. At once, they could see a band of riders gallop out from cover, firing wildly into the air.

Recoiling from the gunfire, the lead steers swerved aside, bawling loudly. Panicked, the rest of the herd jammed together. Then they began to turn, to head back down the canyon.

"They're turning them up there, Buck," Vance Baker shouted. "They're coming back at us!"

Buck Desmond grinned tightly.

"Let them," he said. "We're ready for them." He raised his arm in a signal. At once several Lazy B cowhands sprang from

their horses. They ran to where great piles of brush had been collected and stowed during the night. Lighting them, they flung them in the path of the oncoming steers.

At once the brush piles flamed high, forming an impenetrable barrier of fire to the stampeding cattle.

Then their panic was twice as great. But they would not dare this new danger. Lowing, bawling, terrified, they turned again. And this time, at top speed, they raced up the canyon in the direction from which they had come. So fast were they going, so blind was their fright, that there was no stopping them.

"That's it!" Buck Desmond shouted, drawing his gun.

"The brush fires have turned them! And the canyon walls won't let them stampede away! Now let's get after them!"

Six-guns ready, the Lazy B riders stormed up the narrow canyon on the heels of the charging herd. When they had gotten halfway up the passageway, they saw a strange thing. There, clinging precariously to the steep sides of the canyon, were the hired thugs who had begun the original stampede. When the herd had turned back at them, they were in danger of being trampled to death, so they had clambered up the walls for safety.

"C'mon down!" shouted Buck Desmond loudly, "and toss your shooting irons in front of you!"

The badmen hesitated for a moment, but they had no choice. Within minutes they were all rounded up.

BUCK turned to Vance Baker with a grin. "There are the hombres who've been making your trouble," he said. "I reckon now, with the head start we've given them, your Lazy B steers will be into Chisholm ahead of time."

The ranch owner pushed his Stetson back with a sigh of relief.

"Thanks to you, Buck!" he said. "And thanks to you, too, we'll be able to swear out a warrant for Jim Clement that'll keep him from rough-dealing for quite some time! Let's get riding now!"

THE END

# GABBY HAYES

LOOK 'OUT, EVERYBODY!  
HERE COMES A BIG WIND!

SHORE!  
IT'S  
GABBY  
HAYES!

and He  
**WHIRLWIND  
WALLOP!**

CONSERN YUH, SQUINTY ICE,  
I HEERD WHAT YUH SAID!  
FER TWO CENTS I'D...

HYAR'S YORE  
TWO CENTS,  
BIG WIND!

BIG WIND.  
AM I?  
I'LL ---  
DOOPS!

HO, HO! HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT  
IN THE STIRRUP! HE'S  
FALLING TO THE GROUND!

SQUINTY ICE,  
FER TWO CENTS I'D...

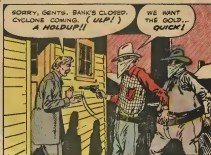
I PAID YUH THE TWO CENTS,  
GABBY! WHAT YUH GONNA DO?

**THIS!!!**

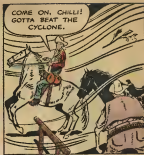
# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

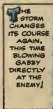
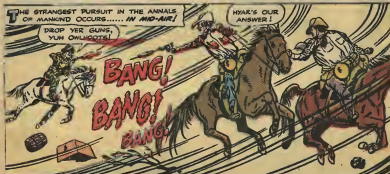


# GABBY HAYES





# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



THE US ARMY WAS KEPT CHASING IN CIRCLES, FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS, OVER TORTUOUS TRAILS AND BURNING DESERTS. COCHISE TRICKED THE TROOPS INTO CRUELLY LONG MARCHES INTO THE DESERTS WITH CUNNINGLY MADE TRAILS THAT WOULD VANISH COMPLETELY IN SOME TRACKLESS WASTE-LAND.



TOM JEFFORDS, A STAGELINE OWNER, WHOSE ROUTE CROSSED THE APACHE COUNTRY BECAME THE MEDIATOR OF THESE FIERCE APACHE WARS, AFTER HAVING LOST TWENTY-ONE OF HIS STAGEHANDS AND DRIVERS IN LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR, JEFFORDS RODE ALONE TO THE STRONGHOLD TO HAVE A PARLEY WITH COCHISE. THE APACHE CHIEF SO ADMIRING THE COURAGE OF THE MAN THAT A STRONG BOND OF FRIENDSHIP DEVELOPED BETWEEN THEM, AND JEFFORDS WAS MADE A BLOOD BROTHER.

HIS COACHES AND FREIGHTERS WERE NEVER ATTACKED AGAIN. THROUGH JEFFORDS EFFORTS, COCHISE CAME TO TERMS WITH GENERAL HOWARD. ONE STIPULATION OF THE TREATY WAS THAT HIS FRIEND, TOM JEFFORDS BE MADE INDIAN AGENT. FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE, JEFFORDS ACCEPTED THE POST.



WHEN CHIEF COCHISE DIED HE WAS BURIED SECRETLY IN HIS ROCK-PALISADED DOMAIN. TOM JEFFORDS WAS THE ONLY WHITE MAN WHO KNEW THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE GRAVE. AND IN THE FORTY YEARS HE OUTLIVED COCHISE, HE NEVER TOLD OF ITS WHEREABOUTS.

TO THIS DAY, WHEN THE APACHES ARE GATHERING THEIR FAVORITE FOOD, ACORNS, THE TREES OF THE STRONGHOLD REMAIN UNPICKED, FOR WHILE HERE THEY GROW APLENTY, IT IS THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND OF COCHISE, GREAT APACHE.

Gabby Hayes

